

*Foole.* She's e'ne setting on water to scal'd such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.  
*Ape.* Good, Gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

*Foole.* Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.

*Page.* Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wise Company.

How dost thou *Apermantus*?

*Ape.* Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

*Boy.* Prythee *Apermantus* reade me the superscripti-  
 on of these Letters, I know not which is which.

*Ape.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.

*Ape.* There will litle Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

*Page.* Thou was't whelp't a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.

Answer not, I am gone.

*Exit*

*Ape.* Ene so thou out-runst Grace,

*Foole.* I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

*Foole.* Will you leaue me there?

*Ape.* If *Timon* stay at home,

You three serue three Vsurers?

*All.* I would they seru'd vs.

*Ape.* So would I:

As good a trick as ever Hangman seru'd Theefe.

*Foole.* Are you three Vsurers men?

*All.* I Foole.

*Foole.* I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

*Var.* I could render one.

*Ape.* Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lesse esteemed.

*Varro.* What is a Whoremaster Foole?

*Foole.* A Foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime 't'appeares like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones more then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shap'es that man goes vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walkes in.

*Var.* Thou art not altogether a Foole.

*Foole.* Nor thou altogether a Wise man, As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st.

*Ape.* That answer might haue become *Apermantus*.

*All.* Aside, aside, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

*Enter Timon and Steward.*

*Ape.* Come with me (Foole) come.

*Foole.* I do not alwayes follow Louer, felder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

*Stew.* Pray you walke enee,

He speake with you anon.

*Exeunt.*

*Tim.* You make me meruell wherefore ere this time Had you not fully laide my Rate before me,

That I might so haue rated my expence

As I had leaue of meanes.

*Stew.* You would not heare me:

At many leysures I propose.

*Tim.* Go too:

Perchance some single vantages you tooke,  
 When my indisposition put you backe,  
 And that vnaptnesse made your minister  
 Thus to excuse your selfe.

*Stew.* O my good Lord,

At many times I brought in my accomptes,  
 Laid them before you, you would throw them off,  
 And say you found them in mine honestie,  
 When for some trifling present you haue bid me  
 Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:  
 Yea 'gainst th' Authoritie of manners, pray'd you  
 To hold your hand more close: I did indure  
 Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue  
 Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,  
 And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,  
 Though you heare now (too late) yes nowes a time,  
 The greatest of your hauing, lackes a halfe,  
 To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my Land be sold.

*Stew.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,  
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
 Of present dues; the future comes apace:  
 What shall defend the interim, and at length  
 How goes our reck'ning?

*Tim.* To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

*Stew.* O my good Lord, the world is but a word,  
 Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,  
 How quickly were it gone.

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Stew.* If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,  
 Call me before th' exactest Auditors,  
 And set me on the prooffe. So the Gods blesse me,  
 When all our Offices haue beene oppress'd  
 With riotous Feasters, when our Vaults haue wept  
 With drunken spilt of Wine; when euery roome  
 Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,  
 I haue retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke,  
 And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Prythee no more.

*Stew.* Heaueus haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:  
 How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants  
 This night englutted: who is not *Timons*,  
 What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is *L. Timon*:  
 Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*:  
 Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,  
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
 Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,  
 These flies are coucht.

*Tim.* Come sermon me no further.

No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;  
 Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.  
 Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,  
 To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,  
 If I would broach the vessels of my loue,  
 And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,  
 Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vse  
 As I can bid thee speake.

*Stew.* Assurance blesse your thoughts.

*Tim.* And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,  
 That I account them blessings. For by these  
 Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue  
 How you mistake my Fortunes:  
 I am wealthie in my Friends.

Within there, *Flaminius*, *Sernilius*?

*Enter three Seruants.*

*Ser.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Tim.* I will dispatch you feuerally.

You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted  
 with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me  
 to their loues; and I am proud say, that my occasions  
 haue found time to vse 'em toward a supply of mony: let  
 the request be fifty Talents.

*Flam.* As you haue said, my Lord.

*Stew.* Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

*Tim.* Go you fir to the Senators;

Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue  
 Defer'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th' instant  
 A thousand Talents to me.

*Stew.* I haue beene bold

(For that I knew it the most generall way)  
 To them, to vse your Signet, and your Name,  
 But they do shake their heads, and I am heere  
 No richer in returne.

*Tim.* Is't true? Can't be?

*Stew.* They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice,  
 That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot  
 Do what they would, are forrie: you are Honourable,  
 But yet they could haue wisht, they know not,  
 Something hath beene amisse; a Noble Nature  
 May catch a wench; would all were well; tis pittie,  
 And so intending other serious matters,  
 After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions  
 With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nod,  
 They froze me into Silence.

*Tim.* You Gods reward them:

Prythee man looke cheereely. These old Fellowes  
 Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:  
 Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flows,  
 'Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kinde;  
 And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,  
 Is fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.  
 Go to *Ventidius* (prythee be not sad,  
 Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,  
 No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventidius* lately  
 Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd  
 Into a great estate: When he was poore,  
 Imprison'd, and in scarcitie of Friends,  
 I cleer'd him with fife Talents: Greet him from me,  
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity  
 Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembered  
 With those fife Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes  
 To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,  
 That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.

*Stew.* I would I could not thinke it:

That thought is Bounties Foe;  
 Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.

*Exeunt*

*Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master,  
 enters a seruant to him.*

*Ser.* I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down  
 to you.

*Flam.* I thanke you Sir.

*Enter Lucullus.*

*Ser.* Heere's my Lord.

*Luc.* One of Lord *Timons* men? A Guist I warrant.  
 Why this hits right: I dreamt of a Siluer Bason & Ewre  
 to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are verie re-  
 spectfully welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how  
 does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentle-

man of  
 ster?

*Flam.*

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